

Harry Potter 521

Chapter 521: Explosion in the Transfiguration Class

The next lesson was Transfiguration. Although everyone was immersed in what had just happened and wanted to discuss Moody's practice, the three Unforgivable Curses, and Evan's victory over Moody, but no one dared to do that in the Transfiguration class.

Professor McGonagall was strict, and anyone messing around in her class would be asked to leave and never come back.

She reviewed everyone's summer homework and checked on how much they remembered of the Transfiguration principles she had taught them last term.

Then, before class was over, everyone was given a teapot to turn it into a tortoise.

For the young wizards of the third year, this was very difficult. They might need to spend a full term to learn to master this skill.

The best students in class were just changing the teapot's spout.

The exception was Evan, who just took out his wand and gently tapped on the teapot. A slow-crawling tortoise appeared in front of him. The third-year Transfiguration course was too simple for him.

Evan looked up and Professor McGonagall was guiding Hufflepuff's students on the other side of the classroom.

Everyone focused on the teapot in front of them, waving their wands incessantly and trying to make it deform.

Evan tilted a little to the right and covered his desk with his body.

He looked at the tortoise slowly advancing in front of him, and the wand in his hand tapped gently on it again.

The tortoise's body twisted and began to deform quickly. The horrible monster he had just seen in Moody's memory reappeared.

"What on earth is this?" Evan stared at it anxiously.

He felt his thoughts were in a mess, and he couldn't figure out what he was doing. He didn't see the whole image of this monster. Many parts of it were blurred, hidden in the endless darkness around it.

But just seeing this was enough to shock.

The bones-like spine extended downward along the central fuzzy humanoid, each segment corresponding to a grotesque torso.

It was a grotesque mixture of many kinds of magical animals.

Evan still remembered that at the bottom of its spine there was a huge dark blue tortoise shell. It protruded across there, looking very hard, protecting the insides of the monster's body.

But the most shocking thing was the humanoid organism in the center. He had a feeling that this monster was based on this humanoid organism and developed around it. It was the core of this monster, and while its specific appearance was not clear, it was densely covered with barnacle-shaped holes.

It was like a shell soaked in the sea, slowly corroded by sea water, and parasitized by countless plankton.

Evan originally thought that there was nothing in the world to surprise him since he saw the evil gods. However, when he saw this monster in Caresius's memories, he realized that he was wrong.

This might be a new evil spirit, quite different from the ones he had seen before.

According to what he already knew, Salazar had left Hogwarts alone in his later years.

He took away the evil spirit created by Herpo the Foul. In fact, he took away the remaining two parts: the brain and the body.

Could the monster Evan saw be the body of the evil god that had been taken away?!

This also explained why Salazar had to dig such a deep pit under the Forbidden Forest.

If it was only used to seal the eyeball monster, he could find any other place at will. There is no need for such a large-scale project at all.

Perhaps transformed his body into an evil god with evil black magic and became an immortal being, and that was the rest of his body.

That was a possibility, but everything was a mystery, and Evan could only speculate.

Assuming that this monster was the evil god created by Herpo the Foul, he began to think about Slytherin's deeds.

It was well known that in his later years, Salazar and the other three Founders had more and more divergences because of their educational concepts on young wizards, until he eventually left the school.

This was the official story, but could his departure from Hogwarts be in fact related to this evil spirit?!

Perhaps the matter of the evil god had been discovered by the other three Founders, and they were divided on how to deal with it.

The evil god should not be destructible. Even with the great power of the ancient warlocks, it could only be ultimately sealed!

It would be a problem to leave it at Hogwarts, so Slytherin eventually left with the remaining two parts of the evil god. Since then, no one had ever seen him, besides many legends about him.

So where did he hide this thing, and why would it be the trouble that the vampires had to face?

Evan had a lot of conjectures in mind, each of which was inconceivable. If he could clearly see the specific shape of the humanoid creature in the middle of the monster, he might be able to make a judgment.

He tapped the monster in front of him with his wand, and all parts of its body became more and more visible.

Evan tried his best to recall and used magic to recall the image of what he had seen again.

There were many details that he didn't pay attention to before. He could only take a quick glimpse at first.

Seeing them this time might play a decisive role.

As if enlarged by a magnifying glass, the details of the monster became clearer and clearer, and Evan could see them immediately...

The next second, there was a loud bang and the monster in front of him suddenly exploded.

It turned into a teapot again, and its debris splashed everywhere.

All the young wizards were shocked, and they all looked up at Evan.

There was whispering in the classroom, and everyone was wondering why Evan's teapot exploded. Because they were all busy deforming their teapots, no one had noticed what happened at Evan's side.

"Mason?!" Professor McGonagall walked over, glanced at the debris on the table and pouted, "You have to learn to control your magical power. You have input too much magic, beyond the tolerance of the teapot itself. Transfiguration relies on using the right amount of magic for the task, not 'the stronger the better', you still have a lot to learn."

Evan promised and went up to the front to get another teapot.

He was still thinking about it in his mind. Instead of making blind guesses here, it might be better to talk about it directly with Caresius. Since this had happened, it did not make sense to continue the stalemate.

Evan decided to ask him directly what the monster was, its origins, and what plans they had and how they were going to get Harry out of school.

Since it was Caresius, not Barty Crouch Jr., then direct cooperation was the most optimal choice. Continued confrontation can only hurt both sides, to Voldemort's benefit...

Chapter 522: Open and Honest

After class, Evan and Colin went to the Great Hall for lunch.

Evan had made up his mind to talk to Caresius who was disguising as Moody. After what happened this morning, he could no longer pretend in front of Evan.

By the second day of his arrival, he had already made so much noise. As powerful as he was, Caresius wasn't that much of a good actor, to say the least.

They just came to the second floor when they saw Moody limping out of the classroom.

Evan asked Colin to go first, and then he turned around and greeted Moody.

"Hello, Professor, do you have some time?" Evan said with a smile. "I would like to talk to you about what had happened earlier."

Moody turned around, his long, gray hair hanging down along the twisted, scarred face. His normal eye stared coldly at Evan, while his magical eye turned the other way around, closely watching the young wizards walking down the stairs.

Everyone looked at them curiously, wondering what Evan was saying to Moody.

"Of course, if you don't have time, I can ask Professor Dumbledore about it." Evan continued. "A wizard as powerful as him must be experienced in dealing with vampires..."

"Come in!" said Moody in a hoarse voice, with a gloomy expression on his face.

Evan followed Moody into his office. When they both entered, Moody closed the door.

He turned around to look at Evan, both his magical eye and normal eye fixated on him.

"What do you have to say?" he asked softly.

"I'm here just to chat about stuff, such as the horrible monster I saw in your memory, or the purpose behind your arrival here; whatever you want to talk about." Evan put his hand behind his back, "but before that, Professor, I think it would be better if you got your hand away from your wand first. You know it won't work. You have just tested it. The Imperius Curse has no effect on me."

"That's hard to say!" Moody stared at Evan carefully. "It's not the only curse in the world..."

"Of course, vampires have a lot of special and very effective magic, but it would be so obvious that Dumbledore would easily perceive your magical fluctuations." Evan looked at him with interest, "You don't want to be discovered by the Headmaster, do you?"

Moody did not answer, but his right hand did not move from the wand at his waist.

“I think I have shown my sincerity by coming to you instead of going directly to the Headmaster’s office,” said Evan, “I am very grateful for your help back in the ruins of the fallen Centaurs in Albania a few months ago, and I have a very good relationship with Elaine. In fact, considering that, you should be my elder. You have said the same thing before, unless you just want to follow Voldemort wholeheartedly, cooperation would be the wisest choice for both of us.”

“I don’t understand what you are talking about.” said Moody, but his right hand let go of his wand.

“Come on, going on like this is too boring! I recognize your magic, Caresius!” said Evan bluntly, turning and looking around. “You are using the Polyjuice Potion to become Mad-Eye Moody. It’s really a very practical potion that works even under the protection of the castle’s many ancient protective spells. The only inconvenience is probably that you need to have Moody by your side to get ‘source material’ from him for transformation. Let me see... Where are you hiding him?”

Evan had been in this office many times before under the watch of three of its previous occupants.

Back in the days of Professor Lockhart, the walls used to be plastered with beaming, winking pictures of the Professor himself.

When Lupin moved here, one was more likely to come across a specimen of some fascinating new Dark creature that he had procured for his students to study in class.

As for Sirius, he kept Lupin’s style, but it was a lot messier; with interesting gadgets at every corner.

Now, however, the office was full of a number of exceptionally odd objects that Evan supposed Moody had used back in the day when he used to be an Auror. Caresius must have moved them over unscrupulously.

On his desk stood what looked like a large, cracked, glass spinning top; it was a Sneakoscope.

In the corner on a small table stood an object that looked something like an extra-squiggly, golden television aerial. It was humming slightly.

What appeared to be a mirror hung opposite Evan on the wall, but it was not reflecting the room. Shadowy figures were moving around inside it, none of them clearly in focus.

“Looks like you broke all this stuff!” said Evan softly. “Whether it’s this Sneakoscope, the Secrecy Sensor, or the Foe-Glass on the wall, they are all very useful magical objects that can clearly detect the dangers around them. Not surprisingly, they should always react to you if you keep their owner, Moody, inside this trunk.”

Below the window was a large trunk with seven keyholes in a row.

“I hated these things, they are too sensitive!” Moody, or more precisely, Caresius, replied softly.

While he kept the looks, he left Moody's tone and manner of speaking behind, and dripped his act.

"Evan, you really surprised me. At the last World Cup, I thought you and that girl were dead. I didn't think you would use the power of the Philosopher's Stone." He took out his flask and poured two hot teas. "This time it was the same; you found out my identity so quickly! Well, I was too careless; I should have guessed that you would not be so easily controlled by the Imperius Curse. I thought I was well disguised, and even Dumbledore didn't notice."

"It's hard to say. The Headmaster may have noticed it, and just did not say a thing."

Evan got down from the chair across the table and said slowly, "There is nothing in Hogwarts that could remain hidden from him!"

"Cunning human wizards," muttered Caresius in a low voice and looked at Evan with great interest. "What are you going to do now that you found out who I am?"

"As I said, I hope to cooperate with you. In a sense, our goals are the same."

"Our goals are the same?!" Caresius repeated with a smile on his face. "Well, my people and I have no reason to refuse goodwill!"

"Before cooperating, I have several questions that I hope you could answer first. First of all, what was the monster I just saw in your memory? Is it the 'dilemma' that you need to face?" said Evan, "I have said before that I might be able to help you. You know, I meet the conditions stated in that prophecy!"

Chapter 523: A Basis for Cooperation

"The monster you saw is indeed the fate that my family and I need to face, a fate that we cannot escape." Caresius said in Moody's hoarse voice, "Against it, our ending has long been doomed, to death and destruction, that is. However, none of us is willing to lie down and die quietly; everyone wants to resist, even though it would probably be futile. The only thing to be thankful for is that we don't have to defeat or kill it."

"What on earth is it?"

"If you are the person mentioned in the prophecy, you will know sooner or later."

Caresius stared at Evan and said earnestly, "It's no good telling you now. You're too weak to meet the conditions; you can't become a really powerful wizard by relying on the strength of the Philosopher's Stone! It's only an external force after all. Moreover, this matter is a secret that's been inherited in our clan for thousands of years, and to honor our Slytherin name, we have to preserve it. It can only be said at the last moment; I didn't even tell Voldemort."

"The honor of the Slytherin name?!" Evan was stunned. This matter didn't seem as simple as he had previously imagined. What secrets were still hidden?!

Even the body of the evil god that Salazar had taken away should not be related to Slytherin's honor.

However, from the words of Caresius, it was certain that the monster must have a great connection with Salazar. It seemed that to get the Secret Treasure Key left by Slytherin, this monster was destined to be a barrier that could not be avoided.

"Since this can't be said, then let's talk about your purpose of entering the school disguised as Moody," said Evan, "How are you and Voldemort going to get Harry out of school? Will it be through the Triwizard Tournament?"

"It seems like you know a lot. Yes, Voldemort wants to use some black magic to restore his strength. He's been insisting that we bring Harry to him, although I don't see any point in that." said Caresius, his fingers tapping on the table. "That's why we attacked the Quidditch World Cup last time, but I can tell you clearly that this time it won't be me getting Harry, I just came to help another guy."

"Is it Barty Crouch Jr.?!?" asked Evan. "You've saved him?!?"

"You know about Barty Crouch Jr.!" Caresius looked at Evan in surprise. "To tell you the truth, I'd like to see how many secrets are hidden in your head. I've never seen a wizard like you!"

"I have my own sources." said Evan vaguely, "Where is Barty Crouch Jr.? How is he going to bring Harry to Voldemort? What kind of conspiracy have you planned?"

"I can't answer any of your three questions." Caresius showed a bitter smile on his face. "After the last failure, Voldemort no longer believed in us. He didn't tell me about these things. I only know that Barty Crouch Jr. originally intended to use Moody's identity to implement his plan, but he now has a better option."

"Who is it?"

With the Polyjuice Potion, Barty Crouch Jr. could transform to any other person at will.

Barty Crouch Jr. could hide it anywhere in the school without being found.

Things got more and more troublesome, and Barty Crouch Jr. secretly sneaking into Hogwarts was bad in itself.

It felt bad to think that one of the classmates around might be a madman and a Death Eater.

In particular, Barty Crouch Jr. was paranoid to the extreme, and in order to achieve his goals, he could use any means. In any way, he was much more dangerous than last year's Pettigrew.

He was a fully fledged Death Eater, the most dangerous kind of Dark wizards, well, besides the likes Voldemort, Grindelwald and Herpo the Fool.

What worried Evan now was that since so many changes had taken place, he was no longer sure that Barty Crouch Jr. would follow the original story and turn the trophy into a Portkey to take Harry out of Hogwarts.

"He should be planning to do it in the tournament. We've already got all the information about the three games from his father Barty Crouch. If he wants to hide from Dumbledore, he could only use the tournament." said Caresius.

That was true. Otherwise, it was unrealistic to make a random object in the castle into a Portkey.

There was a strong magic protection here, and only when the site was set up for the tournament would the magic be unlocked.

From this perspective, the final labyrinth project was the best time for Barty Crouch Jr. to start. It was also the only and best chance he had to take Harry out of the castle.

"You've asked your questions, but before I cooperate, I also have my own few questions to ask you." Caresius looked at Evan and said with interest, "Since you already know of these things, what are you going to do? Will you tell Dumbledore? Or will you find a way to stop the plot of Barty Crouch Jr. to take Harry out?"

Evidently, Evan's answer would determine whether he could cooperate with Caresius or even walk out of this room safely.

Caresius placed his right hand on the wand at his waist again. If Evan's answer didn't satisfy him, he would definitely use magic on him aggressively.

Compared with him, in terms of overall strength, Evan was far from being his opponent.

"No, I just said that our goals are the same." Said Evan, "Although our purposes are different, we all need Voldemort to regain power. He must use Harry's blood to resurrect him, so we must let Bartemius Crouch, Jr. take Harry to Voldemort."

He did not intend to tell Caresius about the fact that there was a Horcrux in Harry's body, and if the vampire was to ask him, he had another explanation in mind.

For a moment, Caresius stared at Evan with his eyes wide open, as if wondering if he was insane! Otherwise, why would he say such a thing about helping Voldemort? That was truly unbelievable!

Then, suddenly, Caresius laughed in a low voice.

“I believe that you are telling the truth, Evan. So, we do have a basis for cooperation!” He said quietly, and he did not ask Evan why this was his choice, although it was really abnormal, “All right, let’s talk about how to cooperate.”

Chapter 524: “Moody”

Just as Evan and Caresius were negotiating the details of their cooperation, a dispute was taking place in the entrance hall on the ground floor.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione came out of the castle to the entrance hall, which was packed with people queuing for dinner.

“Have you heard what the Hufflepuff students said? Evan defeated Moody in the Defence Against the Dark Arts class!” said Harry excitedly. “That’s really incredible. How did he do it?”

“I don’t know, but I hope Evan won’t get into trouble,” said Hermione worriedly.

“Moody’s the best Auror; Evan might have...”

Ron hadn’t finished his words yet when he heard a shout from behind.

“Weasley! Hey, Weasley!”

When they heard the sound, they turned and looked around. Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle were standing there, each looking thoroughly pleased about something.

“What?” said Ron shortly.

“Your dad’s in the paper, Weasley!” said Malfoy, brandishing a copy of the Daily Prophet and speaking very loudly, so that everyone in the packed entrance hall could hear. “Listen to this!

FURTHER MISTAKES AT THE MINISTRY OF MAGIC

Malfoy looked up at Ron with malicious eyes.

“Imagine them not even getting his name right, Weasley. It’s almost as though he’s a complete nonentity, isn’t it?” he crowed.

Everyone in the entrance hall was listening now. Malfoy straightened the paper with a flourish and read on:

“And there’s a picture, Weasley!” said Malfoy, flipping the paper over and holding it up. “A picture of your parents outside their house ... if you can call it a house! Your mother could do with losing a bit of weight, couldn’t she?”

Ron was shaking with fury. Everyone was staring at him.

“How dare you say that to my mother? I’m going to kill you!” He shouted.

“Get stuffed, Malfoy,” said Harry. “Come on, Ron...”

“Oh yeah, you were staying with them this summer, weren’t you, Potter?” sneered Malfoy. “So tell me, is his mother really that porky, or is it just the picture?”

“Shut up, Malfoy!” Harry and Hermione grabbed the back of Ron’s robes to stop him from launching himself at Malfoy.

“Weasley, you can’t try to kill someone just because they’re telling the truth.” Malfoy laughed triumphantly.

“You didn’t see your mother, Malfoy?” said Harry angrily, “That expression she’s got, like she’s got dung under her nose? Has she always looked like that, or was it just because you were with her?”

When he heard Harry, Malfoy’s pale face went slightly pink.

“Don’t you dare insult my mother!”

“Keep your fat mouth shut, then,” said Harry, turning to stop Ron.

BANG!!!

Several people screamed and Harry felt something hot graze the side of his face.

He quickly plunged his hand into his robe for his wand, but it was too late!

Malfoy’s next magic hit Harry and he flew backwards.

Hermione screamed loudly, and without Harry’s obstruction, Ron rushed across to Malfoy.

Goyle and Crabbe stopped him, and they wrestled and punched each other.

Ron was no opponent to them at all, he screamed in pain and his eyes were bruised.

He roared angrily, trying to knock Malfoy down, but he couldn't reach him at all.

Looking at Ron's miserable appearance, Malfoy sneered in front of him, very proud.

Everything happened so fast, and the entrance hall was a mess.

The next second, a powerful magical force flew from the stairs, separating the students who were scuffling together.

Evan ran down holding his wand. He had just arrived in the entrance hall with Caresius when he saw this scene.

He waved his wand to separate them and was ready to teach Malfoy a lesson.

But behind him, Caresius was faster than him, and all he heard was a second loud BANG, and a roar that echoed through the entrance hall.

"OH NO YOU DON'T, LADDIE!" Caresius roared and walked past Evan. He now looked and sounded exactly like Mad-Eye Moody. It might be more appropriate to call him Moody.

Evan had just reached an agreement with him. In the school, he would keep Caresius's secret, not telling anyone about his impersonation of Moody, and help him complete Voldemort's mission. In turn he would provide Evan with information and the necessary help.

As a sign of sincerity, Caresius also spoke about the pact between him and Voldemort.

They made a pact with magic. Caresius would use magic to help Voldemort regain his strength, and Voldemort would help him and his people do something. After that, they would have nothing to do with each other.

Evan was very skeptical, though. He doubted whether Voldemort would keep his end of the agreement or even let the vampires go.

However, from the current situation, he and Caresius had the same goal, and there was no conflict, nor was there a need to argue about that.

Later, might have more in-depth communication, but in the spirit of cooperation between the two sides, which was the wisest choice.

"Despicable cowards, three against one, and sneak attacking!"

Moody was limping down the marble staircase. His wand was out and it was pointing right at a pure white ferret, which was shivering on the stone-flagged floor, exactly where Malfoy had been standing.

Chapter 525: The Ferret!

"Harry, are you okay?" Evan hurried over.

"I'm fine, Ron's hurt pretty bad. Malfoy talked bad about his parents, he's so angry!"

Evan, Harry and Hermione helped Ron up, and the poor fellow was completely knocked out by Goyle and Crabbe. They were both ruthless. Ron's face was black and blue, and his school robe was covered with footprints.

There was a silence born out of terror in the entrance hall, as everyone looked at Moody.

Goyle and Crabbe stood there staring at the shuddering, white ferret on the ground, and they did not dare to move.

“You three better take Mr. Weasley to the school hospital. I’ll take care of things here!” said Moody, his normal eye looking at Evan, the other one pointing into the back of his head.

Evan and Harry struggled to help Ron up. They hadn’t left yet when they heard another roar coming from their side.

“LEAVE IT!” Moody shouted.

Crabbe was about to pick up the white ferret, but when he heard Moody’s shouting, he was so scared that he froze.

Moody started to limp toward Crabbe, Goyle, and the ferret, shaking his wand vigorously.

The white ferret gave a terrified squeak and took off, streaking toward the dungeons.

“I don’t think so!” roared Moody, pointing his wand at the ferret again.

The white ferret flew ten feet into the air, fell with a smack to the floor, and then bounced upward once more.

“I don’t like people who attack with their opponent’s back turned,” growled Moody as the ferret bounced higher and higher, squealing in pain. “Stinking, cowardly, scummy thing to do...”

The ferret flew through the air, its legs and tail flailing helplessly.

“Never ... do ... that ... again -” said Moody, speaking each word as the ferret hit the stone floor and bounced upward again.

“Professor Moody!” said a shocked voice.

Professor McGonagall was coming down the marble staircase with her arms full of books.

“Hello, Professor McGonagall.” said Moody calmly, bouncing the ferret still higher.

“What, what are you doing?” said Professor McGonagall, her eyes following the bouncing ferret’s progress through the air.

“Teaching,” said Moody.

“Teach ... Moody, is that a student?” shrieked Professor McGonagall, the books spilling out of her arms.

“Yes,” said Moody.

“God!” cried Professor McGonagall, running down the stairs and pulling out her wand.

A moment later, with a loud snapping noise, Draco Malfoy had reappeared.

He was lying in a heap on the floor with his sleek blond hair all over his now brilliantly pink face.

After a while, he got to his feet, wincing.

“Moody, we never use Transfiguration as a punishment!” said Professor McGonagall with frustration, “Surely Professor Dumbledore told you that?”

“He might’ve mentioned it...” said Moody, scratching his chin unconcernedly, “but I thought a good sharp shock was necessary. Look at what they’ve done to that child.”

Professor McGonagall saw Ron standing beside him, supported by Evan and Harry, and she gasped again...

“Who can tell me what’s going on?” Her mouth was tightly pouted.

“Three against one, and in a sneak attack, I saw it all from the stairs!” said Moody in a rough voice.

“All right, 20 points from Slytherin, Mason, Potter, take Mr. Weasley to the school hospital, and so do you, Miss Granger!” Professor McGonagall turned to look at Moody and frowned. “Moody, what Mr. Malfoy did is wrong, but we don’t usually use Transfiguration as a punishment. We give detentions or speak to the offender’s Head of House!”

“I’ll do that, then,” said Moody, staring at Malfoy with great dislike.

Malfoy, whose pale eyes were still watering with pain and humiliation, looked malevolently up at Moody and muttered something in which the words “my father” were distinguishable.

“Oh yeah?” said Moody quietly, limping forward a few steps, the dull clunk of his wooden leg echoing around the hall. “Well, I know your father of old, boy... You tell him Moody’s keeping a close eye on his son ... you tell him that from me... Now, your Head of House will be Snape, will it?”

“Yes,” said Malfoy resentfully.

“Another old friend,” growled Moody. “I’ve been looking forward to a chat with old Snape... Come on, you...” And he seized Malfoy’s upper arm, pointed his wand at Goyle and Crabbe, and marched them off toward the dungeons.

Professor McGonagall stared anxiously after them for a few moments, and then waved her wand at her fallen books, causing them to soar up into the air and back into her arms.

“You guys go to the school hospital soon.” She sighed and said, “The rest of you, hurry in for dinner. Do not gather here.”

Evan, Harry and Hermione took Ron to the hospital, and along the way, the three of them were still discussing the matter.

"I can't believe that Moody turned Malfoy into a ferret; shame that Ron didn't see it," said Harry.

"Professor McGonagall said that it was wrong; he can't punish a student with Transfiguration," said Hermione, "He could have really hurt Malfoy. Fortunately, Professor McGonagall stopped it in time."

"It's Malfoy, Hermione!" Harry pointed to Ron. "They made Ron like this, and they deserved to be punished."

"But..."

"Moody doesn't care about school rules. He has his own set of principles," said Evan. "And he's afraid of nobody."

He had to admit that Caresius acted really like Moody, and that what happened was exactly what Moody would do.

As long as he went on like this, the whole school should focus on him, which would create opportunities for Barty Crouch Jr to make his move.

It was also unclear who Barty Crouch Jr. was impersonating, and it was a real trouble to find him as soon as possible. But Evan didn't have a clue about who he might be hiding as.

While he was hiding well, he still wanted to take Harry out of school. Sooner or later, he would make his move and be known.

At that time, if Evan played his cards right, he should be able to get close to him, and get even more information from him...

After the lot brought Ron to the school hospital, Madam Pomfrey soon healed him.

Ron woke up and everyone told him what had just happened.

Even when he heard that Moody had turned Malfoy into a bouncing ferret, Ron didn't feel much better.

"That's what he deserved, isn't it?" said Ron, shaking his fist hard, "He insulted my parents so, any kind of punishment is not too much for him. I really want to be stronger and then give Malfoy a good lesson, as well as Goyle and Crabbe, turning all three of them into slugs and stepping on them!"

Chapter 526: Blast-Ended Skrewts

It could be seen that Ron hated Malfoy terribly, and what happened just now was really excessive.

Ron had been in a bad mood recently because of his series of unpleasant experiences. Evan, Harry, and Hermione had to comfort him. Malfoy was punished anyway. He had been turned into a ferret, thrown high into the air to fall again and again on the stone floor.

Not surprisingly, Malfoy should be acting better, at least for now.

When the four returned to the Great Hall for dinner, the topic shifted to Moody's first Defense Against the Dark Arts class.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione asked Evan about what had happened in class. They had heard a bit of it. Evan told them everything except that Moody was a fake and the memories he had seen in his mind.

"That's cool!" Harry exclaimed, "It's an Unforgivable Curse!"

"The Imperius Curse?!" Ron's face grew extraordinarily pale; he had particularly bad memories of this curse.

"How could he use the Imperius Curse on you?" said Hermione sharply. "This is not allowed. Do you have..."

"Don't worry, I cracked his spell, he probably didn't think I would be so strong," Said Evan in a relaxed tone.

"How did you do it?" asked Harry hurriedly.

"Resisting the Imperius Curse requires strong willpower, or the Occlumency I taught you." Evan explained, "This magic can prevent your mind from being invaded by any outside force. Not only the Imperius Curse, but also all other spiritual Dark magic, such as the dreams you've been getting recently."

"Occlumency is too difficult. Is there any easier way?"

"Easier way?!" Evan thought for a moment, "If your magic is stronger than the caster's and you have great willpower, then his spell will not work on you, and it can even be reversed."

"But then improving magic is even harder than learning Occlumency..."

"Harry, our focus shouldn't be on this. It's an Unforgivable Curse. Professor Moody should never use this Curse on a young wizard," said Hermione. "If the Ministry of Magic knows about it, Moody and Dumbledore would be in great trouble!"

"Yeah, probably!" said Ron absently, as if still thinking of the ways Evan had just mentioned to resist the Imperius Curse. "But Dumbledore's always done things his way, hasn't he? And Moody's been getting in trouble for years, I reckon. Attacks first and asks questions later... Look at his dustbins. Balderdash..."

"And Professor Moody has a good point. It's better to resist the black magic in class than to first encounter it outside against a Dark wizard, isn't it?" said Harry, "He's teaching us how to deal with true Dark wizards."

Hermione didn't say anything. It was obvious that she could not help but agree with this.

Although Moody's approach made her feel uncomfortable, she had to admit that she did start looking forward to it.

A few minutes later, they sat down at the Gryffindor table, and there were not many people in the Great Hall.

Seeing the delicious food, Ron's bad mood had somewhat subsided. The four of them started to eat lamb chops and potatoes.

Hermione swallowed her food and ate fast, and Evan, Harry, and Ron stared at her in amazement.

"Hey, Hermione! Is this the new stand on elf's rights?" Ron couldn't help but ask, "You're going to make yourself puke instead?"

"No," said Hermione, with as much dignity as she could muster with her mouth bulging with sprouts. "I just want to get to the library."

"What?" said Ron in disbelief. "Hermione, it's our first day back! We haven't even got homework yet!"

Hermione shrugged and continued to shove down her food as though she had not eaten for days. Then she leapt to her feet, said, "See you at dinner!" and departed at high speed.

Behind her, Evan, Harry, and Ron were looking at her with surprise.

"Evan, do you know what she is going to do?" asked Harry.

"She seems to be very concerned about this matter, and really wants to save the enslaved house-elves." Harry nodded. "She has no classes in the afternoon and she will probably stay in the library for the whole time. By the way, Evan, what's your afternoon class?"

"Hagrid's Care of Magical Creatures. I have no idea what magical animals he will show us!"

"We just finished, absolutely very exciting, I promise." said Harry, "you will know when you see it!"

"Yeah, a group of pets that can burn, sting, and bite all at once!" Ron nodded.

"Hermione thinks they might be useful, like dragons, although they look ferocious, dragon Blood is amazingly magical."

They had Professor Trelawney's Divination class in the afternoon and needed to learn how planets worked.

Evan, on the other hand, walked off the castle and followed the slowly descending lawn towards Hagrid's Hut on the edge of the Forbidden Forest.

He was still thinking about Caresius and the monster, and who would Barty Crouch Jr. pretend to be?!

Evan arrived at Hagrid's Hut, and just as he approached, he heard a series of minor explosions that woke him up.

Before he even understood what was going on, a massive black creature rushed over to him.

It was Hagrid's huge Boarhound, Fang, which whined, threw Evan on the grass and licked his face.

"Come on, Fang..." Evan struggled to stand up.

He led it to the side of the Hut, where Hagrid was busy in front of a lot of shaking crates.

Inside was a very strange rattling noise, and the minor explosions that Evan had just heard.

"There you are, Evan!" said Hagrid happily. "Come and have a look at these Blast-Ended Skrewts. Harry liked them very much."

Immediately, Evan knew what Ron meant by a group of pets that could burn, sting, and bite people.

They were a large group of Blast-Ended Skrewts that looked like deformed, shell-less lobsters, horribly pale and slimy-looking, with legs sticking out in very odd places and no visible heads.

There were about a hundred of them in each crate, each about six inches long, crawling over one another, bumping blindly into the sides of the boxes. They were giving off a very powerful smell of rotting fish.

Every now and then, sparks would fly out of the end of a skrewt, and with a small phut, it would be propelled forward several inches.

Disgusting, these things were the most horrible abominations... Well, they were not nearly as bad as the one Evan had seen in Caresius's memories...

Chapter 527: A buried Temple?

"What do you think, Evan?! Harry, Ron and Hermione, they all liked them very much, they only just hatched!" said Hagrid proudly. "I thought about it. You'll be able to raise them yourselves this year. We can make a big project out of it!"

From Harry's and Ron's sarcastic expression and tone earlier, Evan doubted that they would really like these Blast-Ended Skrewts.

The three of them must have said that just because they didn't want Hagrid to be sad.

"How did you get these Blast-Ended Skrewts?" Evan leaned over and looked at the group inside the crate. The tail of a skrewt suddenly exploded, and sparks flew everywhere. He hurried back, frowning and said, "This should be a new kind of magical animal. I've never seen it in any book."

"Yes, it's a new breed, a hybrid of the Manticore and the Fire Crab. I named them the Blast-Ended Skrewts. These little guys are very cute, aren't they?!" Hagrid waved his hand and seemed very happy that Evan asked, "You know, it's not easy. The

Manticore hardly lets any creatures come near. It's even harder to get them to 'work together' to produce offspring. It took me about 60 Fire Crabs this summer to succeed."

It was hard to imagine how Hagrid did it.

While all the wizards went to the Quidditch World Cup, the man was guarding a Manticore and a group of Fire Crabs. He did everything possible to get them to mate and give birth to their offspring...

Those Blast-Ended Skrewts were not cute, but terrible, absolutely horrible!

Ban on Experimental Breeding was enacted, breeding new types of magical creatures had been forbidden.

The ban was closely enforced by the Ministry of Magic's Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures. It was illegal for Hagrid to do so.

But looking at the happy look on his face, even if Evan told him this, he would not care.

Hagrid was now completely immersed in the joy of getting the skrewts, just thinking about how to raise them.

If Hagrid found them the right food to eat, these dangerous skrewts could grow up rapidly and cause harm to all living things around them.

They completely inherited some of the characteristics of the Manticore and the Fire Crab, and they should even be more dangerous.

Of course, this was not a problem at all for Hagrid.

Thinking about his past experiences, whether it was the dragon, Cerberus or the Acromantula, they were not much safer than the Blast-Ended Skrewt.

They were all cute little babies in Hagrid's eyes.

Last Term, Evan had almost exterminated all the Acromantulas in the entirety of the Forbidden Forest.

Affected by eyeball monster, they had become more evil, and their bodies had begun to grow abnormally, becoming pure Dark creatures.

However, Evan spared Aragog and handed it over to Hagrid. Without the supply of the evil god, the old spider couldn't live long.

During this time, Hagrid had been busy taking care of the weakened Aragog, and had no energy to think about anything else.

Unexpectedly, as soon as Aragog's health improved, he produced a lot of potentially more dangerous Blast-Ended Skrewts! Evan sighed, gave up on trying to persuade Hagrid, and turned his attention to what he had just

said about the Manticore.

"Where did you find the Manticore?" asked Evan. "This magical animal is very rare."

The Manticore is a highly dangerous beast with the head of a man, the body of a lion and the tail of a scorpion. More accurately, it is a monster with a red lion body, human face, human ears and blue eyes. Its upper and lower jaws each have three rows of sharp teeth and the tail end is that of a scorpion with a deadly sting that can be fired in any direction.

This magical animal is native to Greece and is very rare and extremely dangerous. It is one of the most dangerous magical beasts known to date.

A Manticore's skin repels all known charms, so it is extremely difficult to subdue a Manticore with magic. It is known to be capable of human speech, and is considered a sentient beast.

But because of its violent nature, it was not offered the status given to Goblins and other similar beings. It is recorded in the history of magic that a Manticore once killed 30,000 Muggles as food.

In ancient Persia, it was therefore called "Manticore", that is, "man-eater"!

This terrible evil monster is also regarded by Muggles as a mythical symbol of tyranny, contempt and jealousy.

In the wizarding world, they are magical animals created by ancient wizards to guard treasures.

As the remains left by ancient wizards were gradually explored and excavated, the Manticore became more and more rare.

According to reliable records, its last appearance was in 1296.

A Manticore savaged a person, and they let it off because everyone was too scared to go near it.

Since then, the wizarding world had never seen a Manticore.

Therefore, Evan was surprised when Hagrid said that these Blast-Ended Skrewts were a breed of the Manticore and the Fire Crab. He didn't know where Hagrid found a Manticore!

"In the swamp deep in the Forbidden Forest, there is one!" Hagrid said, standing up, "It's its territory, no other creatures dare to approach. Except for hunting, he never leaves too far, as if he were guarding something."

Is the swamp deep in the Forbidden Forest?

Evan still remembered the swamp. Eight hundred years ago, Okegiga, the greatest warrior in the history of the Centaurs, once found a huge relic buried in mud. It was an ancient and mysterious temple.

The top was covered with thick marshes, and the interior was a wide and quiet rotunda. It was quietly covered with many magical plants, and the marble walls were engraved with complex magic symbols and ancient magic inscriptions.

The floor was covered with various patterns and magic lines, just like the top of the Temple of the Moon. =

At the speed of Okegiga, the Centaur, he had to gallop for over 20 minutes in this empty hall to reach the center!

There, there was the terrible statue that could conjure the evil god of terror to the real world.

Hagrid said that the Manticore might have been used to guard something. It could be that sunken temple. When he thought of it, Evan decided to go there and have a look. There might be something left in the place related to the evil god.

With the statue of the evil god in Voldemort's hands, this kind of exploration was even more necessary.

The Temple was buried under the marsh mud and had not been discovered by the wizards and the Ministry of Magic. Only Okegiga had been there 800 years ago, and the place might not have been destroyed, which was of great exploration value.

Besides the evil god, ancient warlocks might have left other treasures.

Even if there was nothing, just because the temple was a relic left by ancient warlocks, it was worth Evan's visit.

Chapter 528: Another Year's Death Prediction

Next, Hagrid told Evan a lot of things about breeding the Blast-Ended Skrewts.

They now needed to figure out what the Blast-Ended Skrewts liked to eat, and that was the main task of the Care of Magical Creatures class this term.

In the morning class, Hagrid asked everyone to try them out with ant eggs, frog livers and grass snake. But it seemed to be wrong. The Blast-Ended Skrewts didn't not like to eat these things, and Hagrid changed the next classes' assignments to new varieties.

Evan couldn't suppress his suspicion that the whole thing was entirely pointless, because the skrewts didn't seem to have mouths!

More than twenty minutes later, the students gathered at Hagrid's Hut.

The third-year wizards, who came to their first lesson on Care of Magical Creatures with great expectations, were obviously in a state of shock after seeing these terrible skrewts, and their little faces were filled with consternation and disappointment.

They repeatedly turned to look at Hagrid to confirm that he was not joking with them.

Even with no funny or amazing magical creatures such as the Nifflers or the Unicorns, last year's Hippogriffs were much better than this. At the very least, they could ride them up to the sky and have laps around the castle, which sounded very cool.

But in the face of these skrewts, the young wizards felt nothing but nausea. Needless to say, this was simply the worst course of the year.

When Colin was feeding them, he accidentally burned his fingers and he never dared to approach these beasts again.

Hagrid was not aware of any complaints or dissatisfaction from all of them. Instead, he shared his new discovery with great interest. "Look at the pointy things of the tails of some of them. They're stings. I reckon they're the males. The females have got a sort of sucker things on their bellies ... I think they might be to suck blood."

Yes, in addition to being able to make explosions and bite people, these Skrewts could also suck blood, which was indeed a remarkable discovery...

Among all the young wizards, Luna was the only one who was happy. She seemed to think that these Blast-Ended Skrewts bred by Hagrid were very interesting and she asked for many details. This made Hagrid very happy and he added five points to Ravenclaw.

This class was attended by Gryffindor and Ravenclaw. Evan hadn't seen Luna for the whole vacation, but the girl hadn't changed much.

Her waist-length, messy blonde hair grew longer, and the aura of distinct dottiness about her was stronger than before. Although very pretty, with a rare and unique beauty, she was hardly appealing to him.

Luna was wearing a necklace of Butterbeer caps and Dirigible plum-shaped earrings.

If there was a person in the school who was indifferent to Evan's tough performance in the Quidditch World Cup, it was probably Luna. She didn't seem to feel that there was anything surprising about it. In her opinion, Evan had always been strong, and she had no doubts about that.

All the students waited for the class to be over to drag their tired bodies and heavy moods back to the castle. They were glad to get rid of those Blast-Ended Skrewts.

While having dinner, Hermione briefly talked to Evan about her current progress in protecting the rights and interests of house-elves. She wrote an article calling on wizards to pay attention to the legitimate rights and interests of elves and mailed it to Professor Lupin.

Then she told Evan that she was about to do something for the house-elves. Before Evan could figure out what that was, she hurriedly finished her dinner and went to the library to look for information.

As for Harry and Ron, their mood was as bad as the third-years' who were immersed in the shadow of the Blast-Ended Skrewts.

Not surprisingly, Professor Trelawney predicted Harry's death again. Her statement this time was that Harry was born under the baleful influence of Saturn, so he would be so unfortunate.

She told the students that the movements of the planets revealed the mysterious portents only to those who understood the steps of the celestial dance. She also said that human destiny might be deciphered by the planetary rays, which intermingled.

To put it simply, it was very reasonable to use planets to predict fate. That sounded a bit like what the Centaurs did, looking for harbingers from the sky.

According to the changes in the position of the stars, Professor Trelawney saw that the days before Harry would be full of hardships and very difficult. Harry's dread would indeed come to pass, and perhaps sooner than he thought.

It seemed reasonable that Harry was worried about Voldemort because of those dreams.

But thinking about it carefully, he felt that it was easy to guess this kind of thing without having a prophecy about it, and that Professor Trelawney was simply bluffing him.

Then each of them had been given a complicated circular chart, and was attempting to fill in the position of the planets at their moment of birth. It was dull work, requiring much consultation of timetables and calculation of angles. For Harry and Ron, it was a waste of time.

As for the next day, the first Divination lesson for the third-years was as bad as Hagrid's Care of Magical Creatures class.

The arrangement of Divination classroom was the same as that in Evan's memory. The curtains were all closed; the circular room was bathed in a dim reddish light cast by the many lamps, which were all draped with scarves and shawls.

The familiar sweet scent spreading from the fire met his nostrils, and there was a mess of chintz chairs and poufs.

Professor Trelawney asked everyone to drink tea and then read the tea in everyone's cup.

Although Evan went through this last year a bit more safely, this year, Professor Trelawney rudely predicted that he would suffer disaster or even die. This was her favorite way to welcome new students.

Evan was already prepared, but the others didn't know. Everyone looked at him strangely, as if he could fall down at any moment.

The sign this time was not unknown, nor was it an Acromantula, but a Kelpie.

God knows how Professor Trelawney saw this magical creature from in Evan's teacup.

It is said that the Kelpie can take various shapes, but it most often appears as a horse with bulrushes for a mane, or a sea serpent. Having lured the unwary onto its back, it will dive straight to the bottom of its river or lake and devour the rider, letting the entrails float to the surface.

The correct means to overcome a kelpie is to get a bridle over its head with a Placement Charm, which renders it docile and unthreatening. But one mustn't let it go easily, for it will hold a grudge and curse them...

The world's largest kelpie is found in Loch Ness, Scotland.

To put it simply, the Kelpie was man-eating and particularly dangerous. It appeared in Evan's teacup, which meant that Evan was likely to drown in the water or be eaten directly by the monster in the water.

Evan didn't take this kind of nonsense prophecy to heart at all. He could not see where he could meet a Kelpie.

There was definitely no such thing in Hogwarts Lake, and Evan was not planning to go to Loch Ness.

After the baptism of the past year, he was now totally indifferent to Professor Trelawney's usual predictions. Because of the warmth in the Divination classroom, Evan suddenly found that it seemed to be a good place to sleep...

Chapter 529: Snape Afraid?

On Wednesday, Evan and other third-year wizards learned runic scriptures in the first course of the Study of Ancient Runes class.

This is an extinct writing once circulated in northern Europe. Its study belongs to the entry-level “ancient magical text studies”, and it’s represented by black and white runes.

In the past, it had risen with the prosperity of medieval black magic in Europe.

It is said that a dark wizard would leave the specially arranged runes at the victim’s door, waiting for him to pick it up. Or send it directly to the victim. The note was actually a curse. After receiving the note, the victim would show some abnormalities.

They would always feel something following him, like a dog. But looking back, he couldn’t see anything.

Strange things would also begin to happen around them.

They would persist around the victim until one week before his death, and then all the abnormalities would disappear and everything would return to normal. But by then, he could clearly hear the footsteps of death.

There are many kinds of such curses that use runic magic to cast spells, and they were once very popular.

This ancient magic script is not widely used in alchemy, but because it is relatively simple, it was more suitable for beginners to learn.

Now wherever he went, Evan carried a parchment full of ancient magic words.

He intended to master the simple rune as quickly as possible, and on this basis, learn more profound ancient scripts.

After that, the next few days were flat and there were no incidents in the school.

Caresius’s impersonation of Moody became more and more accurate. No one in the school doubted him at all, but on the contrary, he was more and more admired.

Throughout the castle, voices discussing Moody’s past experiences and the three Unforgivable Curses could be heard everywhere.

Moody was very popular among the young wizards. Although he looked terrible, everyone thought that he knew how to work outside and how to deal with Dark wizards. That gave a very fresh feeling to the young wizards in school.

In fact, the same was true. In terms of black magic and Dark wizards, Caresius was not less proficient than Moody. As an evil vampire, his mere existence was taboo. His perennial life experiences were also in the grey area on the edge of the wizarding world, with frequent contacts with various intrigues, vicious Dark wizards and Dark creatures.

Now, it was completely handy to mention many of these experiences to the little wizards.

Compared with “Moody”, who was getting more and more at ease, Snape’s temper had become more irritable.

He seemed to have attained new levels of vindictiveness over the summer, and every student who dared to make mistakes in his class was severely punished.

Neville, for example, once again melted his cauldron in Potions class, and it was already the sixth one.

After a mean depreciation, Snape rudely gave him detention.

On Friday night, Neville had been made to disembowel a barrel of horned toads. When he came back at nine o’clock in the evening, he was in a state of nervous collapse.

Sitting around the warm fire, everyone was surprised to see Neville staggering into the Common Room with tears on his face.

“Neville, what’s going on?” asked Harry.

“For more than five hours, he kept me in the dungeon to disembowel horned toads,” said Neville weakly in a very low voice, “Those things are disgusting. I’ve spit out my dinner.”

“The blood of these horned toads is slightly corrosive, so wash it off quickly!” said Evan, looking at the frog guts from under Neville’s fingernails. “I know an effective Scouring Charm. You can try it.”

“Snape has gone too far. You know why he’s in such a foul mood, don’t you?” said Ron to them as they watched the miserable appearance of Neville. “I bet it’s because of Moody!”

Since Moody took Malfoy, Goyle and Crabbe to Snape’s office, he had become like this. He entered the state of irritability, throwing all his anger on the young wizards.

It was common knowledge that Snape really wanted the Dark Arts job, and he had now failed to get it for the fourth year running. Snape had disliked all of their previous Dark Arts teachers, and never hesitated to show it.

This situation reached its peak with Sirius, and they fought directly in front of the students.

However, he seemed strangely wary of displaying overt animosity to Mad-Eye Moody.

All the young wizards had noticed more or less that whenever Snape and Moody were together, at mealtimes, or when they passed in the corridors, Snape was avoiding Moody’s eye, whether magical or normal.

It seemed that Snape was a bit scared of Moody.

“I don’t understand. Why is Snape afraid of Moody?” Harry said.

“Imagine if Moody turned Snape into a horned toad,” said Ron, his eyes misting over, “and bounced him all around his dungeon... That would be great!”

Ron had been working hard on Transfiguration recently since Moody had turned Malfoy into a ferret.

He also wanted to learn this spell, but little progress was made. To turn human beings into some kind of animals required very advanced knowledge of Transfiguration, which could only be reached after passing through the Ordinary Wizarding Level.

“Snape is not that weak, he wouldn’t be easily deformed like Malfoy.”

The fourth-years had had their first course of Defense Against the Dark Arts this afternoon; and they were all shocked.

He didn’t dare to think that his parents were killed by this spell, but there was no way for him to talk about this Dark magic in a relaxed tone like Ron or the others. He couldn’t do it. In the eyes of others, it might be a wonderful funny performance, but Harry didn’t think it was all that interesting.

A few seconds later, Ron noticed Harry’s abnormality. He hurriedly shifted the subject. “Don’t discuss these things. Harry, we’d better make a start on Professor Trelawney’s predictions tonight, since they would take hours!”

Chapter 530: The Good Old Divination Standby

After cleaning his fingernails from the toad guts, Neville went back to sleep. He was exhausted this evening.

Evan continued to study the ancient magic script on the sofa in front of the fire, while Colin was doing his Transfiguration homework beside him.

It was already late, and the Common Room around them slowly emptied as people went up to bed.

An hour later, Colin also went back. Evan put away the parchment filled with magical words and took out the Marauder’s Map for a while.

It was full of names, and the young wizards were mostly concentrated in the Common Room and their respective bedrooms. Evan saw Fred and George in the Owl Room, and Hermione was alone in the library.

Then, he moved his eyes to other places.

Evan had been looking for a whole week, but did not find the name of Barty Crouch Jr.

This was really weird, and he didn’t know who Barty Crouch Jr. was impersonating to get into Hogwarts. Or, maybe he hadn’t yet sneaked into Hogwarts. After all, the tournament had not yet

begun. Perhaps, like Caresius, he had cast a spell on his name, so that it would not be marked on the Marauder's Map.

Evan couldn't be sure, but anything was possible. He thought for a while before putting the map away.

It seemed that there was little hope of finding Bartemius Crouch, Jr. through the Marauder's Map, so he had to find another way.

Evan rubbed his eyes and stood up. He stretched out. He was going to wait for Hermione, who had not returned from the library.

Harry and Ron were also at the small table, muttering something in a low voice, discussing their Divination homework.

In fact, they had made very little progress. Though their table was littered with bits of parchment bearing sums and symbols, Harry's brain was as fogged as though it had been filled with the fumes from Professor Trelawney's fire.

"I haven't got a clue what this lot's supposed to mean," he said, staring down at a long list of calculations.

"I don't understand it at all!" said Ron, whose hair was on end because of all the times he had run his fingers through it in frustration. He pointed to a planet and said, "Evan, do you know what it means for Saturn and Mercury to move to this position?"

"I don't know!" Evan took a look at the complicated star map and was confused.

"It's not easy, is it? We finally found something that even Evan doesn't know!" said Ron, turning around to look at Harry. "Harry, in this case, I think it's back to the good old Divination standby."

"You mean, making it all up?" Harry's eyebrows picked up.

"Yeah," said Ron, sweeping the jumble of scrawled notes off the table, dipping his pen into some ink, and starting to write.

"Next Monday," he said as he scribbled, "I am likely to develop a cough, owing to the unlucky conjunction of Mars and Jupiter." He looked up at Harry. "You know her... just put in loads of misery, she'll lap it up."

"Right," said Harry, crumpling up his first attempt and lobbing it into the fire. "Okay... on Monday, I will be in danger of... er ... burns."

"That sounds good. I haven't done my Divination homework. We can do it together!" said Evan. He quickly took out his Divination textbook and parchment and sat next to Harry and Ron.

He also needed to predict his fortune for the next month, and he didn't want to spend the weekend drinking tea and fiddling with tea residues.

Without the gift of prophecy, he was not destined to make much progress in Divination. Instead of wasting time making useless predictions, it was better to solve these assignments as quickly as Harry and Ron.

Anyway, Evan had already made up his mind to make it up, and he did not expect Professor Trelawney to give him high marks anyway.

Seeing Evan doing so seemed to give Harry and Ron a lot of encouragement, and both became excited.

“I may also be in danger of burns next Monday...” wrote Evan on his parchment, “Because I saw a flame in the teacup.”

“Yeah, we all will be,” said Ron ominously, “we’re seeing the skrewts again on Monday. Okay, Tuesday, I’ll... erm...”

“Good idea!” said Ron, copying it down. “Because of... erm... Mercury. Evan, you, there will be a curse of death on you, because you will see Professor Trelawney again on Tuesday! As for you Harry, why don’t you get stabbed in the back by someone you thought was a friend?”

“Yeah... cool...” said Harry, scribbling it down, “because... Venus is in the twelfth house.”

“And on Wednesday, I think I’ll come out the looser in a fight.”

“Yes, I can have a good fight with Malfoy, but I don’t want to lose to him anymore. I’ll just write about losing a bet.”

“I stayed in bed all day because I bet it would rain on Tuesday and I would be already sick.”

They continued to make up predictions, which grew steadily more tragic, for another hour. It was close to eleven o’clock, and there were only the three of them left in the Common Room.

Crookshanks wandered over to them, leapt lightly into an empty chair, and stared inscrutably at Evan, Harry and Ron, rather as Hermione might look if she knew they weren’t doing their homework properly.

This scene was really interesting. The three of them sat there, trying to think of a kind of misfortune they hadn’t yet used.

After a while, Fred and George went into the common room. They were holding thick parchment and quill pens, whispering, not knowing what they were doing and looking exhausted. They said good night to the three and went back to bed.

“They must’ve been working on some order form for Weasleys’ Wizard Wheezes.” said Ron, “Remember, shortly after the beginning of the summer vacation, Mom burned up their last order, so they have to make a new one.”

“But why are they doing it behind our backs? If it were an order form, they would surely have let Lee Jordan in on the joke.” said Harry doubtfully.

“Who knows!” Ron shrugged his shoulders.

Evan knew what was going on. The two of them actually wrote to Ludo Bagman asking him for the Gold-Galleons they had won in the bet.

Although the Quidditch World Cup ended with an attack and a Dark Mark, they were both right on the outcome of the match. The Irish Team won the match and Krum caught the Golden Snitch.

That was a very rare result, and Bagman gave it high odds. That meant that he now owed Fred and George a lot of money.

However, he did not intend to pay back the money at all. The twins’ previous letters were all without response. The two of them decided to write an appropriate threat to Bagman.

“So late, why hasn’t Hermione come back yet?”

“She must have forgotten the time in the library. If Madam Pince doesn’t drive her away, she won’t leave.”

As soon as the voice fell, the portrait hole opened and Hermione climbed into the Common Room carrying a sheaf of parchment in one hand and a box whose contents rattled as she walked in the other. Crookshanks arched his back, purring.